

# The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1856.

NUMBER 26.

## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

WILLIAM S. LANE,  
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.  
Office with J. W. Stewart, Esq.  
Middlebury, Oct. 1, 1856. 246m

WILLIAM F. BASCOM,  
Attorney at Law.  
Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's store.  
Middlebury, May 27, 1856. 6

JOHN W. STEWART,  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
And Solicitor in Chancery. 26

DR. WM. M. BASS,  
Would inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he will be in readiness to attend calls in his profession, and will accept gratefully a share of public patronage.  
Middlebury April 22, 1856. 11f

EDWARD MUSSEY  
Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDISON HOUSE,  
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.  
Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 6

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## Poetry.

### Death of the Children.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with a sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair," saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?"  
"The breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of those flowers gay,"  
The Reaper said and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child."

They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And salute upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she could find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth  
And took the flowers away.

### From the Ocean Journal.

#### How it Was.

By R. H. JOCKLYN.  
I was sitting on the sofa, little Minnie by my side;  
She was knitting, and the space between us  
Wasn't very wide.

As I gazed upon her pretty face, I saw the  
Blush arise,  
And the needles flew still faster, and she  
Downward cast her eyes.

I heard her heart beat louder, and her bosom  
Rose and fell,  
With a motion like the ocean when it has a  
Gentle swell.

The pearls were starting in her melting  
Eyes of blue,  
And the little space between us to a less than  
Nothing grew.

I stole my arm around her waist, I clasped  
Her to my breast,  
Though she struggled like a frightened bird,  
When caught upon her nest.

How I ever had the courage, or the luck, I  
Never knew;  
But I kissed her, and I kissed her, until  
Minnie kissed me too.

## Miscellany.

### The Devil and the Crusader.

Any day as the earl gazed upon the Lang Glen,  
He saw the sun glow bonny wi' thyme,  
He met wif Auld Nick, who said flow do pe  
fell.

And the thyme it was withered and rue it is  
prime.  
I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my com-  
plaint.

He and the sun glow bonny wi' thyme,  
For, saving your presence to her ye're a  
saint.

And the thyme it was withered and rue it is  
prime.  
In those good old times, so much to be  
regretted when every noble had the  
right of administering justice or injus-  
tice on his own vassals. When hanging  
was in the hands of the gentry, and the  
law in the mouth of every feudal chief—  
when the crumbling towers, where the  
moping old sits in melancholy solitude,  
were peopled with the gay, and the  
bright, and the fair when the courts  
were the lonely whistles as in mock-  
ery of their cupbines, resounded to the  
clang of arms, and the voice of the trumpet  
—when feast and revel filled those  
halls, where now sits nothing but silence  
and desolation; the bravest of the brave  
was the lord of the Chateau de B—, and  
the fairest of the fair was his lady.

Beauty and wit were hers, and courage  
and wealth were his, and all thought the  
marquis the happiest of mortals, except  
himself. How it came about, and why,  
does not appear; but a violent hatred  
took place between the marquis and a  
neighboring baron, but histories do not  
mention that the marchioness participated  
in her husband's dislike.

Some said that the marquis was jealous,  
and called him "poor man" but as to  
give them all the lie, and prove that he  
loved his wife and suspected her not at  
all, he came to a sudden resolution to  
call together his vassals, retainers and  
the crusade. For it was just about this  
time that Peter the Hermit went  
through Europe, like a mad dog, indict-  
ing everybody with a desire to bite the  
Saracens. Every wise man makes a will,  
and the marquis, wisely calculating that  
a man who goes to cut other folk's  
throats may find some one by the way  
to cut his own, caused to be made and  
delivered his last will and testament,  
leaving all his goods and effects, real and  
personal, to his beloved wife in case of  
his death; further, adding a proviso, if  
he not return, or send a messenger an-  
nouncing his existence within seven  
days, she might look upon him as dead  
to all intents and purposes, and marry  
again to her heart's content; but he  
made it a private request, that she would  
never espouse the obnoxious baron which  
she promised faithfully not to do.

Now when the will was made, as above  
stated by the marquis' chaplain, who  
could read and write, the marquis, who  
could not make a cross at the bottom,  
and stamped the wax with the pommel  
of the sword, and the marchioness kiss-  
ed her lord, and wept bitterly to think  
of his dying at all.

At length the dreadful departure came.  
The vassals and retainers marched out  
of the castle in galleys, and the

marquis' page told him that his charger  
was prepared, whereupon the marchion-  
ess fainted—dead as a stone. The mar-  
quis died till she had recovered and  
then snatched himself away, and depart-  
ed while the marchioness, with flying  
tears and streaming hair stood in the  
highest tower, watching till the last spar  
was hid behind the mountain, and then  
she came down, and said to the servant,  
'At home to nobody but the baron!'

In the meantime the marquis joined  
the crusaders, arrived safely in the Holy  
Land, and for some time performed pro-  
diges of valor till at length one of those  
prodigies conducted him into a Saracen  
prison in which he lingered like good  
King Lusgan, living principally upon  
roasted chestnuts and mare's milk for  
there were no cows in Jerusalem. His  
fortitude would have melted a heart of  
stone; but as it did not melt the stone  
of the prison, it served him but little,  
although being of an ingenious turn, he  
used occasionally to carve figures on lit-  
tle sticks, and make whistles out of mar-  
row bone, when he could get one.

In those dignified employments had  
the marquis expended many years, and  
memory, who impudently keeps throwing  
in our teeth all that is disagreeable, could  
not forbear telling him that the sun had  
seven times run his course since last he  
left his mountain castle in the Pyrenees,  
and on this was his meditating, when  
suddenly up started a gentleman, whom  
he instantly perceived to be the devil.

There is no one more ill used in my  
opinion than the above named person-  
age. However broad his back may be,  
surely all the sins that are laid to his  
charge, and of which he is as innocent as  
the child unborn, are well sufficient to  
bow it. The poor devil! Oh luxury,  
pride, vain glory, avarice, anger, hatred  
and all uncharitableness; what  
would you do if ye had not his shoulder  
to cast his burden upon? Oh can-  
dour! But as I was saying,  
whereupon the crusader crossed himself.

"My dear sir," said his black majesty,  
'don't disturb yourself? such old friends  
ought not to stand upon ceremonies!'  
The crusader made him a low bow,  
saying, that the devil really had the ad-  
vantage of him, and that he was not a-  
ware of having the pleasure of his ac-  
quaintance.

"Not personally, indeed," said the devil,  
'but you have done me so much ser-  
vice one way or another, that I owe you  
some return. You stare my dear sir,  
but you have sent to my dominions, with  
your own hand, three and thirty Saracens  
two renegades, and an atheist. Between  
you and me, it is all the same to me,  
said the devil, 'of what religion they are,  
so that I have them safe; and now I  
have got to give you a piece of news and  
make a proposal.' And then the devil

—whether it was that he does not pa-  
tronize love of any kind, or whether he  
thought that the marchioness had en-  
ough of it to answer his purpose, or  
what, I don't know, but he told the mar-  
quis, that as he had neither returned nor  
sent during seven years, his wife was  
that very night going to give her hand  
to the obnoxious baron and he offered to  
carry him back instantly to his own  
chateau in the Pyrenees if they could a-  
gree upon the terms.

This tickled the marquis' fancy, but  
the devil was rather exorbitant demand-  
ing the knight's heart and soul. The  
crusader replied, that his heart was his  
king's, and his soul was his God's, and so  
that would not do. The devil then asked  
for his wealth at his death, and he in-  
stantly installed his chaplain if he  
could prove that he had taken orders.

The marquis answered, 'L'habit ne fait  
pas le moine.' The devil then made  
several other proposals, but the knight  
was a stickler, and did not think a bad  
wife worth him. So at last the devil  
took off his hat, saying, 'What your  
honor please!' leaving it to his own  
conscience and the crusader, who had learn-  
ed to be a screw said he would give him  
the remains of his supper.

"You are a hard man," said the devil;  
'never mind I jump up' and down he  
bent his back for the marquis to mount.  
The knight sprang into seat, struck his  
knees into the devil's side, and away they  
went like a flash of lightning till  
they arrived at the chateau, where they  
put the good people in no small con-  
fusion.

The knight walked first and the  
devil came after, and all the servants  
ran into the banquet hall crying, 'The  
marquis! the marquis!' Up jumped the  
baron, up jumped the marchioness, up  
jumped the guests.

The marquis' movements were rather  
rapid. He walked in the hall, claimed  
his wife, kissed the baron, wished the  
company good-night, over turned the  
supper table and spoiled the supper, so  
that when order was restored and he  
called for something to eat, there was  
nothing to be had but a dozen of nuts  
and a bottle of wine. The knight crack-  
ed the nuts, but, according to his bar-  
gain, took care to throw the shells over  
his shoulder for the devil, and when he  
had drank his wine, threw the bottle be-  
hind him, too; but the devil was too old  
a bird to be caught with chaff, and had  
been gone half an hour before. So the  
crusader pulled off his boots and went  
to bed.

The teacher is not always sur-  
rounded by sunshine in the school-room.  
It is a phantom hope to expect to be—  
Sunshine, darkness and shade alternate  
at almost stated intervals. Therefore  
the teacher that embarks in the respon-  
sible calling of the guidance and guard-  
ianship of the youthful mind must certainly  
be qualified for the position, or he will  
fall in the same proportion as he lacks  
qualification to discharge the duties of  
his trust.

## Anecdotes of Sir Isaac Newton.

Another character now appears on the  
stage, or rather in the witness-box, who  
was eminently capable from his peculiar  
habits and pursuits. The individual in  
question is Humphry Newton, who is  
described as "of Grantham," and prob-  
ably, was one of the many poor relations  
who often experienced the generosity of  
their distinguished kinsman. At any  
rate he was an inmate in Newton's  
rooms; but whether as a sizer or ac-  
ademician, or as a simple assistant  
and amanuensis, does not appear. At  
all events, in 1683, he commenced resi-  
dence and entered on his duties, and he  
has left behind him some highly curious  
and characteristic records of his employ-  
er or tutor. They are delivered in a  
quiet, simple, and desultory style, and  
in the same form we will present a few  
particulars to our readers. Thus as to  
Newton's personal appearance and man-  
ners.

"His carriage was very meek, sedate  
and humble; never so eminently angry,  
of profound thought, his countenance mild,  
pleasant, and comely. I cannot say I  
ever saw him laugh but once, which was  
at that passage which Dr. Stukely men-  
tioned in his letter."

(and which is described thus) 'Twas upon  
occasions of asking a friend, to whom he  
had lent Euclid to read, what progress  
he had made in his author, and how he  
liked him? He answered, by desiring to  
know what use and benefit in life that  
study would be to him, upon which Sir  
Isaac was very merry.'

Again: Newton—  
'Always kept close to his studies,  
very rarely went a visiting, and had as  
few visitors, excepting two or three per-  
sons, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laughton, of Trinity,  
and Mr. Vignani, a chemist, in whose  
society he took much delight and pleas-  
ure at an evening when he came to wait  
upon him. I never knew him to take  
any recreation or pastime, either in rid-  
ing out to take the air walking, bowling  
or any other exercise whatever, thinking  
all hours lost that were not spent in his  
studies, to which he kept so close that  
he seldom left his chamber, except at  
term time, when he read in the schools,  
as being Lucasian professor, where so  
few went to hear him, and fewer that  
understood him, that oft-times he did in  
a manner, for want of hearers read to  
the walls.'

"Foreigners he received with a great deal of freedom,  
candor, and respect. When invited to a  
treat, which was very seldom, he used  
to return it very handsomely, and with  
much satisfaction to himself. So intent  
was he upon his studies that he ate  
very sparingly, oft-times he has for-  
got to eat at all; so that, going into his  
chamber, I have found his mess untouched,  
of which, when I have reminded him,  
he would reply, 'Have I? and then,  
making to the table, would eat a bit or  
two standing; for I cannot say I ever  
saw him sit at table by himself. At  
some seldom entertainments the masters  
of college were chiefly his guests.'

"I cannot say I ever saw him  
drink either wine, ale, or beer, excepting  
at meals, and then but very sparingly.  
He very rarely went to dine in the hall,  
except on some public days; and then,  
if he has not been minded, would go  
very carefully with shoes down at heel,  
stockings untied, supple on, and his  
hair scarcely combed."

His very seldom went to the chapel, that  
being the time he chiefly took his repose,  
and as for the afternoon, his earnest  
and indefatigable studies retained him,  
so that he scarcely knew the house of  
prayer. Very frequently, on Sunday he  
went to St. Mary's church, especially in  
the forenoon."

"In his chamber so very much that you  
might have thought him to be educated  
at Athens among the Aristotelian sect."

In further proof of his absence of  
mind we have the additional testimony  
of Dr. Stukely:

"When he had friends to entertain, if  
he went into his study to fetch a bottle  
of wine, there was danger of his forget-  
ting them. He would sometimes run on  
his supple to go to St. Mary's church.  
When he was going home to Colster-  
worth from Grantham, he once led his  
horse up Spittlegate Hill at the town  
end. When he designed to remount his  
horse had slipped his bridle and gone  
away without his perceiving it, and he  
had only the bridle in his hand all the  
while."

Humphry Newton continues:  
"He very seldom sat by  
the fire in his bed-chamber, excepting  
that long frosty winter, (1683-4) which  
made him creep to it against his will. I  
believe he grudged the short time he  
spent in eating and sleeping."

In a morning he seemed to be as much  
refreshed with his few hours' sleep as  
though he had taken a whole night's  
rest."

"He kept neither dog  
nor cat in his chamber, which made well  
for the old woman his bed-maker, she  
faring much the better for it—for in a  
morning she has sometimes found both  
dinner and supper scarcely tasted of,  
which the old woman has very pleasant-  
ly and mumpingly gone away with."

"In winter time he was a lover  
of apples, and sometimes at night would  
eat a small roasted quince."

"As for his private prayers I can say  
nothing of them. I am apt to believe  
that his intense studies deprived him of  
the better part. His behavior was mild  
and meek, without anger, peevishness or  
passion—so free from that that you might  
take him for a Stoic. I have seen a  
small pasteboard box in his study, set  
against the open window, no less as one  
might suppose than a thousand guineas  
in it, crowded edge-ways; whether this  
was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say  
—perhaps to try the fidelity of those  
about him. He was very enari-  
table, few went empty handed from him."

No way litigious, not given to law  
or vexatious suits, taking patience to be  
the best law, and a good conscience the  
best divinity."

He was very curious in his garden,  
which was never out of order, in which  
he would at seldom times take a short  
walk or two, not enduring to see a weed  
in it. It was kept in order by a garden-  
er, I scarcely ever saw him do any  
thing, as pruning, &c., at it himself.  
When he has sometimes taken a turn or  
two he has made a sudden stand, turned  
himself about, run up the stairs like an-  
other Archimedes with an eureka falling  
to write on his desk standing, without  
giving himself the leisure to draw a  
chair to sit down on."

His gardening taste is perhaps a new  
feature in the imaginary picture we form  
of him. It is fully corroborated by some  
letters, which Sir D. Brewster has given  
at length, in which we find anxiously  
and critically dilating on the best vari-  
eties of apple from which to obtain  
grafts, and expressing a wise preference  
for the genuine "red streaks."—*Edin-  
burgh Review.*

From Galignani's Messenger, Aug. 2.  
Russian Crown Diamonds.

The Crown Treasury of the Czar at Mos-  
cow contains precious stones of consid-  
erable amount. The two most consid-  
erable are diamonds, one the size of a pig-  
con's egg, rose-cut. The Russians have  
given it the name of the Orloff. The  
other has the form of an irregular prism,  
and is of the same size and almost the  
length of a little finger; it bears the  
name of the Shah, and its history is as  
follows: It formerly belonged to the  
Sophia, and was one of two enormous  
diamonds which ornamented the throne  
of Nadir Shah, and which were designat-  
ed by the Persians by the names of  
'Sun of the Sea' and 'Moon of the  
Mountains.' When Nadir was assassinated,  
his treasures were pillaged, and his  
precious stones divided among a few  
soldiers, who carefully concealed them.  
An Armenian named Shafraz resided at  
that period at Bussora with his two  
brothers. One day an Afghan came to  
him, and offered for sale the large dia-  
mond—'The Moon of the Mountain,' as  
well as an emerald, a ruby of fabulous  
size, a sapphire of the finest water, called  
by the Persians the 'Eye of Allah,' and  
a number of other stones, for the whole  
of which he asked such a moderate  
sum that Shafraz suspected they had  
not been honestly come by, and told him  
to call again, as he had not the money  
in the house. The Afghan, fearing  
Shafraz was going to not with treachery  
towards him, left the place and could  
not again be found, although the three  
brothers made every search for him.

Some years afterwards the elder  
brother met the man at Bagdad, who  
told him that he had just sold all his  
precious stones for 65,000 piastres and a  
pair of valuable horses. Shafraz had  
the residence of the purchaser, who was  
a Jew, pointed out to him, and he went  
to him and offered him double the price  
he had given for them, but was refused.  
The three brothers then agreed to murder  
the Jew and rob him of his purchase,  
which they did, and on the following day  
poisoned the Afghan, and threw both of  
the bodies into the river. A dispute  
soon arose between the brothers as to  
the division of the spoil, which termi-  
nated in Shafraz getting rid of his two  
brothers by poison, after which he fled  
to Constantinople, and thence to Hud-  
land, where he made known the riches  
he possessed, and offered them for sale to  
the different Courts of Europe. Cath-  
arine II proposed to buy the Moon of the  
Mountains only. Shafraz was requested  
to come to Russia, and he was intro-  
duced to the Czar's jeweller. The terms  
demanded by Shafraz were—letters of  
nobility, a life annuity of 10,000 roubles,  
and 500,000 roubles, payable by equal  
instalments in ten years. Count Benin,  
who was then Minister, delayed the  
settlement of the bargain as long as  
possible, and in the meantime had the  
Armenian led into such extravagances  
that he fell into debt, and when the  
Minister found he had no means of pay-  
ing what he owed, he abruptly broke off  
the negotiation. Shafraz, according to  
the laws of the country, could not leave  
until his debts should be paid, and the  
Court jeweller prepared to take advan-  
tage of his embarrassments, and intended  
that the diamond should fall into his  
hands for fourth of its value. Shafraz  
however, discovered the trap that had  
been laid for him, disposing of some of  
the less valuable stones among his coun-  
trymen, paid his debts, and disappeared.  
Agents were sent after him, who had  
even orders to assassinate and rob him,  
but he escaped them.

Ten years after, while he was at Astrachan,  
renowned officers were made to  
him, but he refused to enter into any  
negotiations unless the bargain should  
be settled at Smyrna. Catherine ac-  
cepted, and became the possessor of the  
diamond for letters of nobility, 600,000  
roubles, and 170,000 paper roubles, mak-  
ing together about two and a half mil-  
lions of francs. Shafraz, not being able  
to return to his country, where he  
would have had to give an account of  
two homicides and two fratricides, fixed  
himself at Astrachan, where he married  
a countrywoman of his, and had seven  
daughters. One of his son-in-law pos-  
sessed him for the sake of possessing his  
share of his property. The immense  
fortune which the murderer had acquired  
(from ten to twelve millions) was divid-  
ed, and soon spent, by his successors,  
and several of the grand-children of  
Shafraz are now living at Astrachan in  
abject misery.

A young fellow having been charged  
with getting drunk, declared he never  
was drunk and never meant to be, for it  
always made him feel so bad the next  
morning.

## Doosticks.

Attends a fashionable church, and  
gives an account of the worship, by sing-  
ing.

Went to the church, which was ar-  
ranged like a theatre, with the best  
places for those who pay the most money—  
instead of a pulpit there was a stage for  
the ministers to perform on—people  
came in droves—seats were soon full—  
then a huge pyramid of stools in one  
corner was attacked by six energetic  
and determined sextons, who speedily  
tore it to pieces, and scattered the frag-  
ments through the aisles for folks to sit on.

Organist executed a grand Kansas  
battle piece in five sharps, with vocal  
imitations of the shrieks of the settlers,  
and the curse of the border ruffians.  
Then the minister came up through a  
trap door like the harlequin in the  
pantomime when the devil has got an in-  
vitation for him—he prayed a long pray-  
er in his overcoat—then he took off his  
overcoat and read a hymn, very quick  
metre with a very strong chorus—then  
he sat down on his overcoat and read his  
letters.

The organist here made preparations  
to grate, he rolled up his coat sleeves  
so as not to interfere with his fingers—  
then he rolled up his pantaloons, so as  
not to trouble his toes, then he unloos-  
ened his cravat, and loosened his vest  
—at this instant a very muscular man  
disappeared from the ranks in the gal-  
lery, vanished through a cubby hole, and  
was instantly lost in the anatomy of the  
organ—then there was a great rattling  
in the bowels thereof, as if he couldn't  
digest the muscular man, but had a great  
deal of wind on his stomach.

This was the preparation.  
Then the organist commenced a vio-  
lent struggle with the key-board, as if  
he regarded the unfortunate organ as a  
fistful enemy, whom it would require  
his utmost strength and dexterity to  
overcome—so he went in—he hammer-  
ed him on the white keys, he pelted him  
on the black ones, he punched him in the  
semitones, he kicked him in the double  
bass, he put in a series of running kicks  
in his chromatic scale, he pelted him in  
the flats, he battered him in the sharps,  
he smote him in the high keys, he hit  
him in the low notes, then he grabbed  
both hands in his octaves, and shook  
him until he squealed; then he ferociously  
jerked out the stops on one side,  
as if he was pulling half his teeth out of  
his head—then he savagely jumped in  
those on the other, as if he was knocking  
the rest of his grinders down his throat  
—after three quarters of an hour, the  
left hand, which had been doing manful  
service in the lower suburbs, began to  
fail, and sent for a reinforcement where-  
upon the right hand, after hitting the  
upper chord of G sharp, a furious dig to  
keep it quiet in the interval, scampered  
to the rescue, only stopping by the way  
to bestow upon the middle C a couple of  
punches by way of a reminder—then  
the player with both hands, both feet,  
and his knees, went at the poor instru-  
ment and belabored him so unmercifully  
in the lower pipes, that he lost his wind,  
and cried—'enough!' in a roar of agony.

This was the prelude.  
Then the singing commenced; the op-  
era folks stood up to earn their money;  
they sang as if the music scale had been  
graved on this occasion, and they were  
climbing for a pig on the top of it; they  
would go up a note or two, and then slip  
back—each one went one notch higher  
than the one before him, but fell back  
before he reached the prize, and his  
voice subsided into a discontented growl  
low down in his ribs. At last, after five  
false trials, each one of which ended in an  
attenuated squeak, one female, with a  
mouth like a hatchway, hoarse and  
hoarse strings, made a desperate scream  
and went so high that she finally got a  
firm hold of the obnoxious reward of  
merit, and bore it off in triumph—then  
they all stopped.

This was singing.  
Then the muscular man came out of  
the bowels with the perspiration drip-  
ping from coat tails—as he hadn't  
another suit handy, he sat down in the  
draught to dry.

REGULARLY SOLD OUT.—During the  
month of January, 1850, while stopping  
at the Sutter House, Sacramento, city,  
California, I accidentally overheard a  
conversation between two gentlemen, one of  
whom was from New York city, and had  
been in the country nearly a year, and  
the other had just arrived.